

THE POLISH REVIEW

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Kolvoord—PIC Films

All that is left for this Polish lad in a displaced persons camp is a pet dog and hope for the future.

"The Fate of Christendom Is Always Involved When Polish Destiny Is At Issue"

Excerpts from an Address at Special Polish Services in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, Mass.

by MOST REVEREND ARCHBISHOP RICHARD J. CUSHING

FROM the memory of Kosciuszko let all Polish peoples and all the friends of Poland take heart forever. The sorrow of Poland is the same now as it was then. The source of the sorrow is the same, the tests of the Polish power to endure are the same. So also, as there be a God, shall the eventual outcome be the same. Please God that outcome will be brought to pass by legal means and peaceful stratagems. When it shall come, no man knows. But this is certain: Poland shall not die.

It must not die. The fate of Christendom, as well as that of Poland, is always involved when Polish destiny is at issue.

We are told that for reasons of politics we should keep silent about Poland. We are told, even by those who believe in Democracy, that we must forget about the rights of Poland, which had a democratic constitution since the first World War, in order to protect, at the expense of Poland, stronger nations which are just beginning to talk about Democracy. We are told, even by some who believe in religion, that we should temper our concern for the future of the Faith in Poland in order that Christianity may not be too annoying to governments which repudiate it. We are told that the new lords and masters of Poland and of Eastern Europe do not like to hear priests speak of these matters, and that we should, therefore, leave them to the world's political leaders.

Well, so be it! But perhaps we can remind political leaders who hope to build a peace, of one fundamental religious fact about Poland which has enormous political significance. It has had in the past, it will have in the future. It is a fact which could be productive of immeasurable good, the good of peace included. Disregarded, it is a fact which can bring untold evil, the evil of war included. A great Englishman of letters expressed it accurately and dramatically when he said: Poland is the Catholic culture thrust like a sword-blade between the Byzantine tradition of Muscovy and the materialism of Prussia. That is what Poland is; and that is infinitely the most real, practical, determining and important thing about Poland. Poland has traditionally been the providential Catholic wall between Asiatic mysticism to her East and Prussian materialism to her West. For generations Poland spared the world the dread possibility of a fusion between these two titanic forces, forces which even singly bode no good for Christendom and united could lay waste the Western world.

History bears witness that there has been one people in Eastern Europe upon whom Christendom and the Western world could always rely. The other peoples have their virtues, their traditions of valor and of achievement; they have their particular glories and special vocations, these Orthodox nations of the East. But in times of crisis for Europe and for Christendom, they went their several ways and closed up within themselves, preferring their national religions, national destinies and national survival to adherence to Catholicism, to the general destiny of the Western world and to the survival of Christendom. Poland has always chosen for Christendom and for Europe, and for that choice she has been willing to pay with the partition of her land, the destruction of her state, and the persecution of her religion.

That is why Christendom and our democratic Western world owe Poland so much. And that is why the consciences of Christians and of democrats are so troubled by the silence about Poland today.

The people of Poland, at home or abroad, well know wherein lies the only hope of their survival. It is not in politics nor in diplomacy. It is certainly not in militarism; armed revolution in this age of total mechanical warfare is never the way by which to secure national inde-

pendence and a chance to live as a nation. The way out lies in the rededication of the Polish people to the Faith that taught them the truth which made them free. The Polish people have always associated their Faith with their freedom; they have themselves said that their love for freedom was inspired by and subordinate to their love for the Faith: "We love liberty more than anything on earth," the Polish people said to Catherine of Russia in the days of Tadeusz Kosciuszko, "*but we love the Faith even more than freedom!*"

In that spirit, the spirit of Poland in the most glorious pages of Polish history, all those who love them pray that the people of Poland may persevere through these dark days of their betrayal!

During the 19th Century when suffering under oppression, the Polish people adopted as a national hymn one containing the prayer: "Return to us, Lord, our motherland and freedom."

In 1918, on regaining their independence, they changed the words to: "Preserve for us, Lord, our motherland and freedom."

When the country was overrun by the Germans in 1939, the original words were restored.

Today, in spite of the efforts of the Provisional Government to change the wording again, the churches still resound to the people's cry: "Return to us, O Lord, our motherland and freedom."

Please God, that prayer will one day be answered.

(February 17, 1946)

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Roch, the Practical Joker

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A REPLY TO MARSHAL STALIN

IT is to be regretted that those portions of Marshal Stalin's reply to Mr. Churchill's speech which treat of Poland cannot, from the Polish point of view, be accorded the reception befitting the pronouncement of a statesman directing the policy of a great state.

Unfortunately, it must be plainly stated that the paragraphs devoted to Poland as well as other parts of the interview granted to *Pravda* betray a policy so at variance with the objective state of things that it can be explained only by the peculiar doubletalk characteristic of Kremlin thinking.

The reader of Stalin's interview need but peruse two points in this Polish part to be absolved of any real analysis and discussion of the views expressed.

Marshal Stalin believes that "contemporary, democratic Poland is led by outstanding men, who have shown in deeds that they know how to defend the interests and worth of their homeland, as their predecessors failed to do."

He also claims that "enmity between Poland and Russia has given place to friendship between them, and Poland, present democratic Poland, does not wish any longer to be a playing-ball in the hands of foreigners."

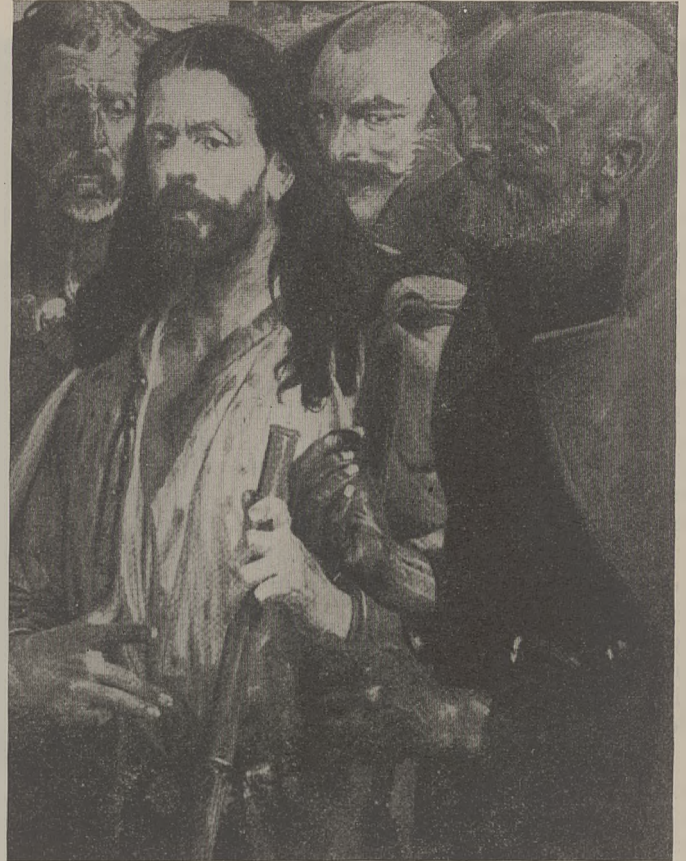
We believe that in reply to these amazing assertions it suffices to confine ourselves to the following axiomatic statements expressing the stand of responsible Polish political leaders as well as the attitude of the entire Polish nation in the name of which—in view of the occupation of the country by foreign might—only free Poles abroad can speak:

(1) Since present-day Poland is not an independent state, it can certainly not be democratic. Contemporary Poland is ruled from the outside by foreign agents who have no connection with the interests and worth of Poland and the Poles. The methods of this government negate the elementary principles of democracy and freedom. A typical example of these methods is the de facto one-party system peculiar to totalitarian and fascist government imposed on Poland. The "worth" of the men assigned to rule over Poland is best evidenced by the unanimous resignation of this government from half of the territory of the Polish state.

(2) Present Polish-Russian relations are not friendly relations whose basic condition is equality between friends with regard to mutual rights and responsibilities. Polish-Russian relations today are the relations of a governed country to a governing country, of a subject to a ruler. Poland today is not so much a playing-ball in the hands of foreigners as—in the most exact meaning of the word—a political and economic colony at Russia's disposal.

Speaking of Poland in his interview, Marshal Stalin of course knew all this very well. He ignored this truth in the name of the imperialist interests of the Soviet Union and for propaganda purposes, to influence uncritical foreign opinion.

(From "The Polish Daily & Soldiers Daily," London)



Christ and the Pharisees, painting by Jacek Malczewski (1908). In Polish art, the figure of Christ often symbolizes martyred Poland, while the sly Pharisees represent her perfidious enemies.

THE CRIMSON TIDE

*The endless roads of Europe
Are walked by ghosts tonight
As Tartars cross the slope
Dividing LEFT from RIGHT.*

*Aroused by mongrel brood,
From every hill and dale
The ghosts arise in angry mood
To join this last crusade.*

*The timid kneel and pray
While culture chants its dirge;
No voice is raised, to sway
The flocks to stem the scourge.*

*No more the faith of Paul;
Nor Sobieski's fierce command
To charge the ramparts, one and all
And win the final stand.*

*The endless roads of Europe
Are walked by ghosts tonight
To meet upon the slope
Dividing LEFT from RIGHT.*

—GEORGE W. SPRENGER
Peoria, Illinois.

J. Z. HENELT - YOUNG POLISH SCULPTOR

by WALTER C. BOW

JOZEF ZENON HENELT is a Polish sculptor who has recently arrived in New York from England. Looking much younger than his 41 years, unassuming in manner and possessed of an engaging grin, he is very modest about his achievements.

Born in Poland in 1904, he early developed an interest in art. Sculpture, especially monumental sculpture, held particular appeal for him. So in 1928 he betook himself to Cracow, where he enrolled at the Academy of Art as a pupil of Professor Konstanty Laszczka, a sculptor of note. The city of Cracow with its relics of ancient glory, whose cobblestones have resounded to the tread of kings and philosophers in by-gone centuries, so enthralled the young artist that he decided to settle in it.

In 1932, following his graduation from the Academy, Henelt spent a year in Italy on a scholarship granted by the Italian Government, studying the art of antiquity and the works of the Renaissance in Venice, Rome, Bologna, Florence.

Upon his return from Italy, Henelt was awarded a prize scholarship which provided him with a studio and model in the Cracow Academy of Art. Later he taught drawing in the Teacher Training College of that city and in the School of Arts and Crafts in Cracow. Exhibiting in the Art Palace and with the modernistic Group of Ten, he attracted favorable attention and was commissioned to do a number of heads and busts. His

head of Jozef Pilsudski was purchased by the Post Office Employees Building in Zakopane. Shortly before the war, he was at work on a bust of Adam Cardinal Sapieha for the Cracow City Hall. This piece of sculpture as well as a projected composition, *Freedom*, for a monument in Wieliczka, failed to materialize because of the outbreak of hostilities.

In 1939 at the invitation of the Union of Hungarian Artists, Henelt worked in Hungary. The German attack on Poland caused him to hurry back to his country. When the Germans and Russians finally occupied Poland, he escaped by way of Lithuania and Scandinavia to England. Crossing the Channel, he joined the newly organized Polish Army in France. A former skiing instructor, he was assigned to the Highlander Brigade and took part in the fighting at Narvik.

The collapse of France again left him on his own. But with the typical persistence of a Polish patriot, he made his way back to England and following a long hospitalization as a result of the Narvik campaign, he again volunteered for the Polish Army. Finally, in 1943 he was honorably discharged with the rank of sergeant, and was able to devote all his time to his first love—sculpture.

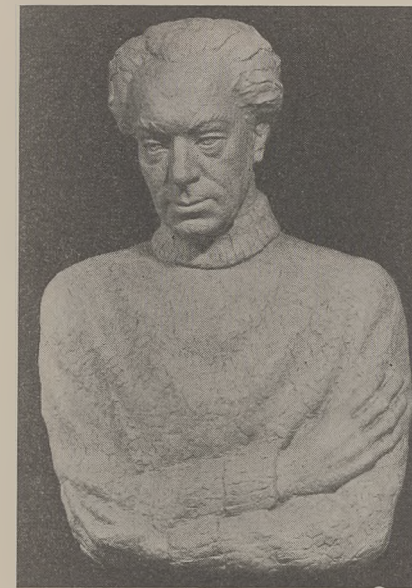
He is a member of the International Artists Association in London and a former Secretary of the Society of Polish Artists in Great Britain.

During his several years of activity in Great Britain, Henelt has executed close to 50 works. His sculptures have been on display at the Royal Scottish Academy of Art in Edinburgh, at the Royal Academy in London, at the Royal Society of British Artists in London and at the National Portrait Gallery in London. They have also toured the chief cities of Canada in 1941-1942 with an Exhibition of Polish Art.

Working for the most part in stone and granite, Henelt has also to his credit fourteen "Stations of the Cross" in bronze, produced for the Polish Church in London, which had been founded by the Polish émigrés after the failure of the Polish uprising of 1830 against the Russian occupants.

The bronze pieces are 22 inches square and are conceived as a frieze running around the church, each two plaques alternating with a cross on which is superimposed a three-forked candlestick. Boldly executed, they are a refreshing departure from the usual hackneyed Stations found in most churches.

In connection with Henelt's exhibition of his work at the Royal Society of British Artists in 1945, the art section of the *Hippodrome*, a quarterly publication, singled out several of his sculptures for detailed comment. "To the critical mind," it wrote, "this higher scholarly work in sculpture (a portrait bust of H. Harris Brown, R. P.) must appeal, especially to those who reverence craftsmanship applied to the portrait. The head, face and chin possess intensity, power and significance, displaying at the same time an intimate knowledge of character. Strength and vigour is certainly traceable in every line



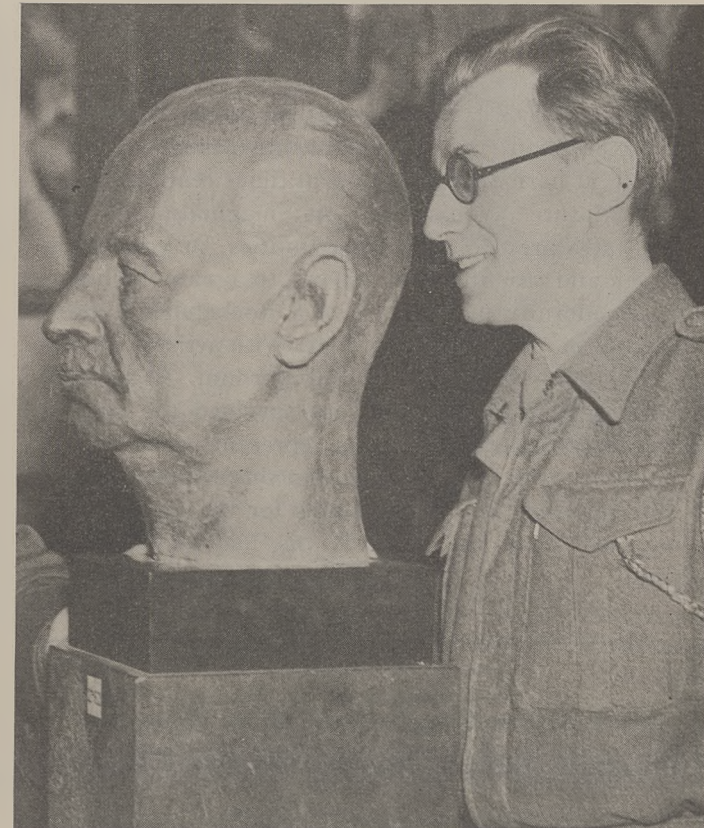
Sliwinski the Musician. Sculpture by J. Z. Henelt exhibited in the Royal Academy of Art in London, 1945.

and the skillful modeller appears to express in clay the earliest Roman history and ancient Grecian.

"Motherhood shows the new development of the sculptor's mind and whilst different countries and varied schools have represented both the ancient and modern, this young Polish sculptor has in this work applied remarkable technique to the modelling of both the mother and child. The spirit of the whole piece is pervaded by a faith that enhances—note the woman's expression

and the curved lines of the child—the figures and base." And anent the portrait bust of General Wladyslaw Sikorski, the late Polish Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief, the *Hippodrome* reports: "It displays the master hand that characterizes the work of some of the greatest sculptors." The Sikorski head is now in the Museum of the Polish Army.

Another work of interest by Henelt is the memorial plaque of "Our Lady of Ostra Brama" presented to Westminster Cathedral by the Squadron "City of Wilno" in the name of the entire Polish Air Force, during an impressive ceremony on March 15, 1944 attended by high-ranking Polish officials headed by the President, the Prime Minister, and the Commander-in-Chief, as well as by prelates and church dignitaries. The bas-relief was placed in the Lady Chapel of Westminster above the arch of a gilded gate leading from the Lady Chapel to the High Altar, and so repeats the tradition of Wilno, where the miraculous image of Our Lady of the Pointed Gate dominates a narrow street. "This plaque," wrote Peter Creighton-Gilbertson in *Wings* following the dedication, "besides being a gift which beautifies the Cathedral, will symbolize the union of those heroic airmen, exiles in this country, with their suffering countrymen at home in Poland; together they will pray, as for cen-



Head of General Wladyslaw Sikorski exhibited at the National Portrait Gallery in London. Next to the sculpture is its author, Sergeant Jozef Zenon Henelt.

turies they have done, that their dear native land will be free, and that the day will not be long till they return to give thanks before the Wilno gate."

A bronze plaque by this soldier-artist featuring the oath-taking ceremony of a Polish Winged Knight hangs in the British Arsenal at Woolich near London, to which it was presented by the Polish gunners who worked at the Arsenal, with the inscription "To the British Gunners Polish Gunners Say Thank You." Another, dedicated "To the Management, Staff and Employees of the Ford Motor Co., Ltd. from the Members of the Polish Army Course," and showing a Polish soldier signalling from a tank, was also executed by Henelt and presented by a group of Polish army engineers and technicians in appreciation of the cordiality and good will shown them during their

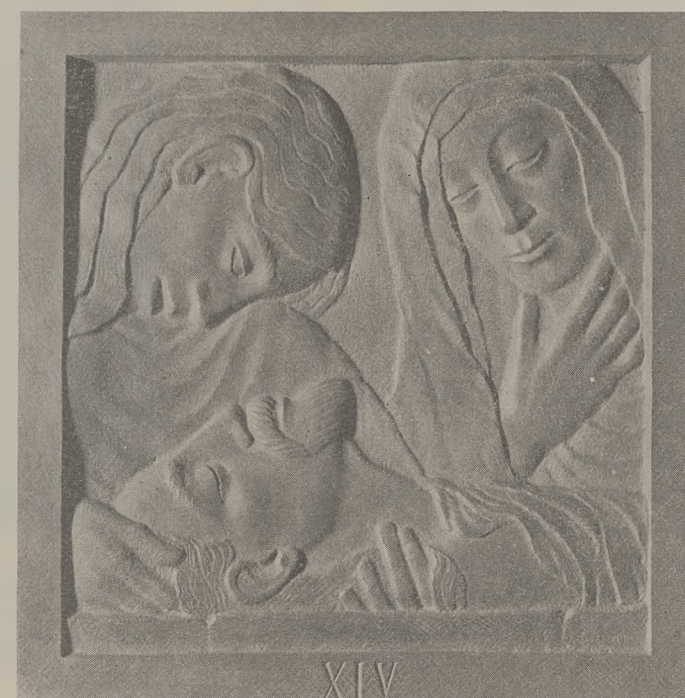
(Continued on page 6)



Our Lady of Ostra Brama in Wilno. Main part of a memorial plaque in bronze by J. Z. Henelt. Presented to Westminster Cathedral in London by the Polish Air Force.



The Crucifixion. Station XI of fourteen Stations of the Cross, in bronze, by J. Z. Henelt. Polish Church in London.



The Entombment. Station XIV of fourteen Stations of the Cross, in bronze, by J. Z. Henelt. Polish Church in London.

J. Z. HENELT - Young Polish Sculptor

(Continued from page 5)

training period in the Ford motor plant at Dagenham, England.

Striking in all of Henelt's art is his great interest in forceful expression with a simultaneous mastery of form. The resultant harmonious work is at times reminiscent of classic sculpture. What fires his imagination in the United States are the wide opportunities for combining sculptural and architectural effects to create a monument of modernity in the style of a Rockefeller Center. Devotional art, or the fusion of piety with artistic expression, is another field that holds allure for him. At present, when every Polish artist who has survived the fury of the Nazi extermination program represents such important cultural capital, let us hope that this young sculptor who has selected the United States for the scene of his carving, will reap the rewards his undeniable talent deserves.

Book-of-the-Month-Club News Praises *Alexander Janta's Bound with Two Chains*

THIS is the second book (the first was the absorbing *I Lied to Live*) in which Mr. Janta depicts his experiences as a prisoner of war in Germany. He was captured in 1940, while at the Western Front as a Polish correspondent with the French Army. During almost two years in Nazi captivity he disguised his true identity under a false French name and background. The Germans put him to work as a slave laborer. First he passed from farm to farm, loathing the hard chores and despising the loutish peasant choremakers. Then he was shipped to a factory, finally to a forest camp. Wherever he went he proved unsatisfactory, and he suffered torment lest his true identity be revealed. (His captivity and his alias were the "two chains" which bound him.) Ultimately an amazing avenue of escape developed. He feigned illness, made contact with Polish prisoner-of-war doctors inside a war prison camp, enlisted their help in certifying him as an incurable who ought to be sent home to die. The fake illness went to the length of an operation. The ruse worked, and the captive reached unoccupied France and freedom. It is a very readable and often moving narrative. Mr. Janta's sensitive pictures of his fellow-captives, his sharp portraits of the German masters, his vivid, suspenseful recreation of prison mood and atmosphere have the ring of a great common experience. Millions of captured Europeans lived, suffered, hoped, feared and despaired as did the characters of this book. It is both a remarkable personal adventure and a whole generation's anguish.

—FREDERICK GRUIN



Bronze tablet by J. Z. Henelt presented by members of the Polish Army Course to the Ford Motor Co. plant in England in appreciation of the good will shown them during their training period at the plant.



Bronze plaque of a 17th century Polish Winged Knight by J. Z. Henelt presented by Polish Gunners to the Royal British Arsenal in London. Exhibited at the National Gallery in London, 1942.

The Author of SILENT IS THE VISTULA Depicts the Human Side of the Warsaw Uprising.

An interview by H. CHYBOWSKA

WHEN Irena Orska and her thirteen-year-old daughter, Barbara, arrived in New York one year ago after having fought the Germans for five and one-half years in occupied Poland, she had the burning desire to do one thing—to present to the American people a first-hand account of that most tragic and heroic of all chapters in this most recent global war: the 63-day Warsaw Uprising of August 1944, in the course of which a great city ceased to exist and 250,000 men, women and children lost their lives.

Irena Orska was well prepared to write the heart-breaking and inspiring story, entitled *Silent Is the Vistula* which will be published May 3 by Longmans Green. Born in Warsaw, she was graduated from the University of Lublin Law School and married Jan Bytniewski, an American citizen. Left a widow at 19 with a 6-month-old daughter to support, she entered the government service in a legal capacity. The German attack on Poland found her in the Polish capital. For her conduct during the Siege of Warsaw in 1939 she was awarded the Cross of Valor. Came the German occupation. Using the pseudonym of Aneri—her first name in reverse—she immediately joined the Underground and was active in it throughout the German occupation of Warsaw.

During the Warsaw Uprising Mme. Orska was in charge of the Woman's Army posts in her quarter of Warsaw, and from her vantage point as an officer, a Red Cross worker and a nurse, she saw the gripping epic of 63 days of butchery and valor unfold to its inexorable end.

So vividly were all the scenes etched in her mind, to the minutest detail, that Mme. Orska started writing her book less than a month after her arrival in this country and had the first draft finished in six weeks.

Silent Is the Vistula is the story of the impossible. For it was beyond human endurance for a poorly armed relatively small group of patriots to battle a million superbly armed Germans without outside assistance for more than two months.

"Logically," says Mme. Orska, "our resistance should have ended in two weeks. When I think how our people fought on, even though they were bloated from hunger and groggy from lack of sleep, when the last ray of hope of help from the Russians had disappeared, it does seem fantastic. It was a superhuman effort."

The Warsaw Uprising was the united effort of the entire population in the capital. The 40,000 Home Army soldiers (30% of them women) were an organized regular armed force and they did the actual fighting. But they were backed by all civilians except the very old and the sick, who helped in whatever way they could and who suffered casualties just as did the army people. Even the Communists joined in the struggle, once they were given the signal by Moscow to go ahead two weeks after the Rising started. Numerically, the Communists, or the People's Army as they styled themselves, were not strong. In Mme. Orska's sector they numbered 15 as compared with the 300 Home Army fighters.

Warsaw's plain people greeted the Uprising with real joy. Civilians and soldiers alike were convinced that this was to be the last battle of the war. They were fighting not only for the liberation of Warsaw and of Poland from the hated Germans but to bring about the end of the war. Naively, they expected that the Russians would enter Warsaw on schedule while simultaneously

the Americans and British would intensify their drive from the West. So with all the enthusiasm they could muster, they gave freely of their blood, secure in the knowledge that it was the last sacrifice that would be expected from the Poles.

Unfortunately, says Mme. Orska, once again the Poles were betrayed. Events speak for themselves. On July 26 she and her daughter were fleeing before Russian tanks in suburban Ciesztynow. On July 28 Russian planes were still bombing objectives in Warsaw. The Russian radio kept breaking into the German wave lengths calling upon Warsaw's million inhabitants to rise from within against the Germans. The Uprising started on August 1, with great initial successes for the Poles. But instead of continuing their advance to cover the remaining few miles into Warsaw, the Russians came to a halt just outside the city. On August 13 they marched into Praga, across the river from Warsaw proper. And there they stayed without lifting a finger to help the heroic Poles fighting a stone's throw away.

By the fifth day the Poles suspected they had been doublecrossed and by the end of two weeks they knew it for a fact. For a time they still relied on American and British aid. But once they realized that they could not emerge victorious from the death struggle, the ordinary citizens of Warsaw clenched their fists, cursed roundly for having again been left to bear the brunt alone and vowed to "show" the world regardless. It was a determination born of despair and anger but founded on an unwavering resolve to be faithful to their ideals.

As one hears dainty, feminine Irena Orska speak of the horror and magnificence of those 63 days, one can only marvel at the indomitable courage of Polish women, who have justly been celebrated in Polish literature and history for their kindness, self-sacrifice and fortitude.

"In this terrible common struggle," she stresses, "the women battled shoulder to shoulder with the men. But they did more. When her comrade fell wounded, a woman lifted him and tended his wounds. When he fainted from hunger, she went in search of food. She kept up the morale by her cheerful encouragement. She washed, sewed and darned. She went on scouting or liaison missions where the danger was greatest. Often she did not come back. But there was always a new volunteer to replace her."

Mme. Orska remembers how toward the end, when a group of the survivors were huddled in a cellar and a sick young boy expressed fear that the Germans would kill him, an elderly woman tenderly said to him, "My son, they have already taken everything. All we have left is our life; if they want it, they'll take it too." Shamed by her courage and calm, the boy quieted down.



Irena Orska, author of *Silent Is the Vistula*.

(Continued on page 14)

THE POLISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE

by FRANK STANLEY BARC

THE Polish National Alliance of the United States of North America (PNA for short) is one of the leading fraternal-social-insurance organizations in this country. Historically, it dates back to 1880, when under the leadership of Julius Andrzejkowicz, a meeting was called on February 15th in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Six societies—four from Chicago, one from San Francisco and one from Shenandoah, Pa.—responded to the call and the PNA got under way at its first convention at Chicago on September 20, 1880. The founders of the PNA were officially inscribed into the records of the organization as Julius Andrzejkowicz, John B. Blachowski, Julian Lipinski, John Popielinski, and Julian Szajnert.

The first fraternal effort of the newly formed Polish National Alliance voted at the initial convention was the introduction of a death benefit department providing for the payment of \$300 upon the death of a member and a similar sum in the event of the demise of a member's wife.

The following year the second convention was held in New York City, with nine groups represented. The principal result of this convention was the pledging of \$659 for the creation and establishment of a PNA publication or organ. In agreement with the U. S. federal immigration office, steps were undertaken to afford improved protection to the large numbers of immigrants of Polish extraction coming to the United States at that time.

Thus, the first convention in 1880 provided the insurance program of the PNA while the second convention, held in 1881, gave birth to the weekly *Zgoda*, official organ of the PNA, and also attracted national attention to the PNA as a civilian aid to the federal government in the protection of Polish immigrants.

Throughout the 66 years since the first convention, the organization's growth has been steady. Its progress has been marked by accomplishments of a concrete and lasting nature, many of them of national significance.

For besides the insurance program there have been

youth activities and patriotic support of the U. S. Government in the three major wars (Spanish American, World War I, World War II) which this country has fought since the PNA's inception. The two most outstanding endeavors under PNA auspices, however, are the organizing of the Polish Congress and the founding of the Polish National Alliance High School and Technical Institute at Cambridge Springs, Pa.

These major achievements focussed world-wide attention on the splendid reputation enjoyed by the Polish National Alliance of the United States of North America.

In 1910, upon the occasion of the unveiling of the monuments in Washington, D. C. to the memory of Tadeusz Kosciuszko and Kazimierz Pulaski (the Kosciuszko statue under PNA sponsorship and the Pulaski memorial a federal government enterprise), the first Polish Congress was called by the PNA. The objective of the Congress was to discuss the then situation of the Polish nation in Poland as well as abroad.

President William Howard Taft and other high government officials participated in the unveiling ceremonies. Three Army divisions and uniformed Polish societies and delegates of all Polish organizations in the United States with the PNA at the helm marched in a parade honoring the occasion.

The unveiling of the Polish heroes' monuments was a prelude to the Polish Congress meeting. Both of these events generated widespread interest.

The second outstanding national achievement in PNA history was the establishment of the Polish National Alliance High School and Technical Institute at Cambridge Springs, Pa. This event took place on October 26, 1912, with the President of the United States, William Howard Taft, officiating at the dedicatory ceremonies. This school today is accredited by the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools.

Youth membership in the PNA at present numbers 43,353 and the activities sponsored for these young men and women are among the most pro-



Headquarters of the Polish National Alliance in Chicago, Illinois.

gressive and far reaching in the nation, designed as they are to combat juvenile delinquency. The PNA youth program is being widely copied by organized youth units in other groups founded along lines of national origin. It includes the fostering of sports clubs, the organizing of choral societies, the formation of amateur dramatic circles and folk dancing groups, the conducting of summer camps for boys and girls patterned after such youth groups as the Boy and Girl Scouts, and the maintaining of supplementary schools of the Polish language.

Federal, state, county and municipal officials and child welfare authorities in cities

where the PNA youth program is in effect are profuse in their praise of the program as a worthy example for other groups to follow in a determined fight against the national problem of juvenile delinquency.

The PNA is licensed and doing business in 29 states. It is composed of 1,900 groups, with a total membership of 292,402—145,374 men, 103,675 women and 43,353 children under 16 years of age. Total PNA assets as of December 31, 1945 are \$39,805,789.72. Insurance in effect — in five class groupings — under PNA underwritten

policies and certificates totals \$180,025,123.00. Insurance paid out under PNA policies and certificates has to date reached the sum of \$48,020,180.49.

During World War II 23,750 men and 470 women carrying PNA membership cards served in the United States military establishments with 909 men and one woman of this number listed at Washington, D. C. as lost in action.

All told \$8,443,454.17 has been donated under PNA auspices for charity and relief since the formation of the organization in 1880, with \$774,383.96 given toward World War II relief and \$160,000 donated to the American Red Cross. The PNA has purchased \$14,500,000 worth of World War II U. S. Government Bonds.

Some idea as to the over-all aims of the PNA may be gleaned from the preamble to the PNA constitution and by-laws ratified in Detroit in

1939. The preamble reads as follows:

"When the Polish Nation, notwithstanding heroic sacrifices and sanguinary struggles, lost its independence, and by decree of Providence became doomed to triple bondage and was divested of its rights to life and development by force of the invaders, that portion thereof, most severely wronged, voluntarily preferring exile to cruel bondage in the Motherland, sought refuge under the guidance of Kosciuszko and Pulaski, in the freeland of Washington, and settling here, found Hospitality and Equal Rights.

"These valiant pilgrims, ever mindful of their duties to their newly adopted country and their own nation, founded the Polish National Alliance of the United States of North America for the purpose of forming a more perfect union of the Polish people in this country, insuring to them a proper moral, intellectual, economic and social development, preserving the mother tongue as well as the national culture and customs, and promoting more effectually all movements tending to secure, by all legitimate means, the restoration and preservation of the independence of the Polish territories in Europe.

"Today, therefore, desiring to strengthen the ground work of the Alliance we, the members and delegates of the 28th convention, assembled in Detroit, Michigan, on the 16th day of September, A. D. 1939, as faithful guardians of the ideals, which these founders bequeathed to us as a sacred heritage, supported by our fifty-nine years' experience, do hereby ratify and declare these Fundamental Laws as the supreme law, binding equally all the members associated in the Polish National Alliance."

Polish National Alliance Headquarters are located at 1514-20 West Division Street, Chicago 22, Illinois, in a building owned by the organization.

The Executive Board of the PNA is composed of the following officials, elected at quadrennial conventions:

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(Continued on page 15)



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HIGHLIGHTS OF RED ARMY "OPERATIONS" IN WESTERN POLAND

ALL official denials to the contrary, Poland continues to serve as an area for Red Army looting "operations."

Here are a few concrete facts:

In Torun the Soviet military authorities "liquidated" to the USSR the Richter steam powered flour mill, which was the largest industrial enterprise of its kind in Pomerania, having been valued at five million zlotys before the war. The Russians explained that the mill had belonged to a German—Richter. But they neglected to take one detail into consideration: In the spring of 1939 Richter's heirs, in anticipation of "unsettled times" had sold the mill to the Polish State Agricultural Bank!

With particular zeal Soviet military authorities are "clearing" Polish ports of all installations.

In Elblong all equipment of the plants assembling Komnich automobiles was dismantled and shipped into Russia. All machinery from the Lampke tin products factory, all machines and installations from the Schichau shipyard and locomotive factory and from the Bussing automobile factory were also shipped out. In October and November 1945 more than 80% of the factory equipment of the great Beyer cigar manufacturing concern was removed.

The palatial residential section of Elblong which before the war was inhabited chiefly by rich German industrialists, merchants and ship operators, was so completely "cleared" last autumn that there are no radiators, bathroom boilers, bathtubs, electric heaters and coal stoves left in any of the villas. All manner of gas heaters, locks, latches, lighting fixtures, and even all electric wiring and gas tubing, plumbing and toilet bowls have been taken out.

From the sugar refinery in Wierzchowice a trainload of sugar leaves daily for the East. Out of 35,750 tons of sugar left by the Germans in the sugar refinery at Koscian which were at first earmarked by the Warsaw authorities for distribution among homeless waifs, the Soviet authorities "borrowed" 22,000 tons for the use of Soviet wounded.

During October and November Soviet troops carted away all machinery from the gunpowder plant in Emiljanow and in December began to remove the weather-proof boards.

Every Soviet train headed East via Warsaw picks up a considerable amount of coal from the stocks of the Warsaw Railroad Bureau. The requisitions are made by Col. Kotov, a Soviet officer assigned by the Soviet military authorities to the Bureau's President.

In Wroclaw out of 40 remaining large industrial plants under their control, the Soviet authorities have lately handed over only 8 factories to the Warsaw government. For the moment, however, these factories cannot be operated.

Among the most popular "transactions" in which Soviet soldiers excel in Poland is the sale of automobiles.

In Gdynia Soviet soldiers put up for sale automobiles which at one time were German property and are now Red Army booty. Often they trade very beautiful cars for other things beside cash. The "market" price of an Opel Cadett roadster in November 1945 in Gdynia was 25 quarts of alcohol! A BMW flivver costs about 40 quarts of alcohol. 40 quarts of gasoline could be purchased for 1 quart of vodka.

When the business deal was concluded, the new owner enjoyed possession of his beautiful, German car at most several hours. For the Soviet military police came to his home, sometimes accompanied by functionaries of the Citizens Militia, to requisition the car for the "transit" needs of the Red Army. Needless to say, it was resold that same day or the next and the same method of regaining the sold car was employed.

Various reliable sources agree that as of December 1945 there were 60,000 soldiers, officers and functionaries of the NKVD in Poland.

The NKVD does not cover the whole country with its network, concentrating its outposts chiefly in the north and south within the "new" Western boundaries. This is because that area serves as the hinterland for the Soviet army of occupation in Germany and because the NKVD wishes to prevent the Western Polish frontiers from "being crossed by undesirable elements."

In addition to its own network, the NKVD has at its disposal the Warsaw Security Police which, although it is officially committed to cooperation and "exchange of information" with the NKVD, is in reality run under Section 4 (Western European) of the NKVD.

After a momentary letup, a new group of younger officers from the special detachment of the NKVD was detailed to the staff units of the Internal Security Corps, which is the Polish counterpart of the NKVD.

The NKVD also finances a number of departments in the Warsaw Security Ministry, motivating this by the necessity of a "Joint battle against the enemies of the USSR and Poland!"

Recently the increasing opposition which is making itself felt in Poland has caused Soviet and Polish security agencies to extend an ever closer control over the more important members of political parties in order—as the Warsaw Ministry of Security Radkiewicz has declared: "To prevent the excesses of avowed and undeclared reactionaries!" To this end, the Polish Workers Party is schooling the Communist youth group *Society of Youth's Fight*, *TUR* and *Wici* for their part in the security program.

340 candidates for confidential agents were recruited in the Warsaw area. The cadre's-instructor is a Russian,



Here are two soldiers of the Red Army posing for a picture in a photographer's studio in Katowice, Poland, presumably to be sent to the folks back home. They seem to be particularly proud of their recently "acquired" wristwatches, which brings to mind the ditty composed by a Pole with a sense of humor and left under a statue of a Soviet warrior in Warsaw: "Take our bikes and clocks as well, Take 'em all, and—go to hell! . . ."

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ROCH, THE PRACTICAL JOKER

by ARKADY FIEDLER *

IT is perhaps a homage to true democracy that the most popular figure in the Polish merchant marine is neither an officer, nor a captain, nor even a director of the line, but a simple and ordinary stoker. His name is Roch and he is a practical joker.

... Roch drinks a little, but on the whole works well. "While the other men were too drunk to work, Roch, though not exactly sober, was capable of doing 48 hours on end"—says a report on his service on the *Lida*. By sheer bullying he used to make reluctant stokers work more efficiently, though sometimes he had strange and unfortunate ideas.

When S. S. *Pulaski* was in harbor at Dakar, the negroes loading coal moved lazily about and preferred to lie in the sun, rather than pay attention to their white foreman. The work was rather urgent, so one day Roch took a hand. He smeared his face with soot, made a turban from a pair of pants, and pushed his way among the negroes. In a deep voice he began to shout inarticulate orders, pretending to speak in a negro dialect. Spell-bound, the workers started from their places and very soon finished their work. They wondered a little to what tribe the foreman belonged and what language he spoke.

"The language and the tribe of Roch" answered Roch with dignity, and the negroes listened to his words with pious respect.

Roch had a wife at Gdynia, a good woman of infinite patience. One day he smeared his baby son from head to toe with butter, cut open an eider-down, rolled the child in the down and handed him to his frightened wife:

"There you are, hold your little angel."

Another time his wife pestered him to bring her some dress silk and silk stockings from abroad as the other sailors brought to their wives. Roch put on a sour face:

"I warn you strongly against it," he said, yet the woman insisted.

He went straight to the Customs Office and not being known there, informed the officials that smuggled goods were to be found in his flat. When he returned home at night, his wife greeted him in great excitement:

"How right you were. Don't bring me any gifts. The police have searched the flat today."

The captains on the whole, are fond of Roch, for he cares more than most men about the ship, especially when the unforeseen happens.

On board the *Katowice*, the sailors had a pet black and white dog which escaped ashore in a British port and never returned. It was entered on the customs list of the *Katowice*, and when in another port a customs official insisted on seeing the dog there was an awkward moment. The British customs officials do not joke in such cases and may impose a fine.

"The dog is in the officer's cabin," explained the steward to the insistent official.

"Open the cabin."

"The officer has gone ashore and taken the key with him."

The official, full of suspicions and doubts, listened a moment in front of the door:

"Why doesn't the dog bark?"

"It's a dumb dog..."

The situation was saved by Roch; when other sailors were almost at a loss to know how to tackle the situation, he at once found a solution. He went ashore where he had a few drinks on the captain, saw a black and white dog in the street and kidnapped it. Now, well in his cups, he carried his prey triumphantly. The animal was as big as a sheep, yet Roch was delighted, for the dog was licking his face in a fit of sudden friendliness. The customs official was then told that this was the missing dog and thus the matter ended.

On another ship the cook escaped on the eve of sailing and no other was available in the port. Roch, seeing the worried face of the captain, said to him in his usual affable way:

"Look here old man, you are crackers, so am I..."

"Leave me alone," barked the captain, "I have no cook."

"I shall get one for you."

He selected a large foreign ship in port, got acquainted with the cook, had a bottle of whisky with him, then asked him on board his ship. They emptied two bottles to strengthen their friendship, and when the cook, probably a weakling, was quite incapable, Roch shut him up in his cabin.

They sailed that night. The next day the captain, furious as a bull, was walking up and down the bridge when he saw Roch carrying a stranger on his back. It was the cook, still unconscious. Roch threw his captive at the captain's feet and said with satisfaction:

"Stop worrying now, old man."

"Who is this?"

"The new cook."

And Roch, as if to excuse himself, added sadly:

"An Englishman, damn it, he will probably poison us. However, there was not much choice..."

Roch knew how they shanghai people.

Roch is well known as a man able to stick to his guns once he has made a decision. He then becomes stubborn like a maniac and whatever the obstacles, does what he has decided to do.

On one occasion after the outbreak of war, when sailing on board a Norwegian ship he asked the captain for an advance of £5, and when the captain refused he declared quite calmly that such a mean ship would sink.

"Go to hell," the captain shouted at him.

"You will go to hell yourself and so will your ship," answered Roch unruffled.

By a strange coincidence a few days later, not far from the coast of England the ship was hit by a torpedo. Amidst the chaos the captain was swept away from the bridge and was in



No Cut In!



Snared!



Convoy!



Atten-shun! A dog among sea-dogs.

(Continued from page 12)

danger of drowning. Roch swam towards him and in a perfectly calm voice, as if the conversation were taking place on board or in a shipping office, repeated his request for the advance of £5. Of course, the result was nil. The captain thought the stoker had lost his senses.

After he had saved the captain, and they were both taken ashore Roch got what he wanted, together with a cordial handshake.

"Why didn't you give me the money first?" he asked the captain reproachfully. "It would have saved you a bath..."

... For the sake of a joke Roch is ready to sacrifice anything and expose lives to danger.

During the war, he spent a period of time sailing along the coast on a British ship, on which the sailors had to provide their own food, and cook their own meals during the voyage.

* From: *Thank You, Captain, Thank You!*, by Arkady Fiedler. Max Love Publishing Co. Ltd., London, England.

Unfortunately, Roch had spent all his money ashore and when they put to sea he had nothing to eat.

Not one of his comrades wanted to share his food with him. Roch became really angry, a thing which happened very rarely and played a new trick: he took from the poop a ten pound shell, put it into a pot full of water and began to heat it on the kitchen range.

"I shall cook this shell and eat it," he said with grim determination.

The threat was genuine: the water was beginning to boil. The shell would have exploded. The crew and the captain were really alarmed, and to humor Roch they gave him all the food he wanted...

But perhaps the victim of the worst joke Roch ever played was a certain cook. Food on board is a very important matter; yet this particular cook was lazy and negligent in his duties. Roch had warned him once, then warned him again, but his words were of no avail.

One day Roch lay in wait near the skylight of the galley and when he saw the cook down below he caught

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ROCH, THE PRACTICAL JOKER

(Continued from page 13)

him in a noose, as he would have caught a horse in a lasso. He gave a pull and the cook swung up as if on the gallows, touching the floor with the very tips of his toes. Roch fastened the rope, left the man hanging and went to his quarters.

"I have played a lovely trick on the cook," he said negligently in his quiet voice.

After a while one of the sailors showed some interest:

"What have you done to him?"

"I have hanged him . . ."

The men jumped quickly to their feet and ran to the galley. They found the cook hanging under the skylight with his tongue out; he could hardly breathe and his eyes were protruding. They cut the rope, but it took a good half an hour to bring him round.

After that the ship became famous for its food . . .

The outbreak of war saw Roch in a Dutch port. Despite his rather ripe age, he at once volunteered for the Polish forces. The Polish consulate arranged all the formalities and sent him for a medical.

"What the hell for?" Roch grumbled. "Send me to the army and not to a quack."

At long last he went to his medical and patiently allowed the doctor to examine him. But when the doctor began to knock his knee, Roch had had enough and kicked him with all his strength.

"Don't you know I am a doctor?" shouted the medical man indignantly.

"Don't you know I am a sailor?" replied Roch, equally indignant.

After all they did not take him into the army for he was of more use in the merchant marine . . .

Author of SILENT IS THE VISTULA Depicts the Warsaw Uprising

(Continued from page 7)

Mme. Orska is emphatic about the fact that the Warsaw Rising was an act of the whole people—not only of the soldiers in the Home Army. There was complete cooperation between the civilians and the army. Non-combatants improvised kitchens in ruined buildings, hauled water from cellars, tried to get food for the soldiers, dug trenches and prepared barricades. Pregnant women who needed aid themselves, helped build field kitchens. Even when mothers saw their children die from hunger before their eyes, they did not complain. Polish soldiers were welcome in any apartment.

"It was heroism to be sure, but it was not heroism for the sake of heroism," declares Mme. Orska. "It was a battle for a just, honorable cause."

Warsaw's children also knew what they were fighting for. The 12-year-old boy who lugged heavy stones to build an anti-tank barricade understood the meaning of the struggle. "You see," says the author of *Silent Is the Vistula*, "Polish children grew up very early under the occupation. Often after a manhunt, during which all the older members of the family were taken away or killed on the spot, only a terrified child was left hiding under the bed."

So it is not hard to understand the courage that prompted a group of boy scouts armed only with gasoline filled bottles to attack German tanks even though they knew they would perish to the last lad.

There were also instances of another sort of courage: "When after the surrender we were all herded into the prison camp at Pruszkow, there was among us a very simple woman janitor who hated a certain Jew so cordially that she had sworn she would knock his teeth out if she ever met him again. Well, she met this Jew at Pruszkow. She could have revenged herself and been freed at once merely by informing the Germans that he was Jewish. She knew that. And yet she did not denounce him. Not a single one of the 400 Jews in Pruszkow was denounced."

German bestiality had full play during the Uprising. Raping and shooting were daily occurrences. Scenes surpassing Dante's *Inferno* in horror took place at Narutowicz Square in the Ochota section of Warsaw. Two

platoons of mixed troops (including Germans as well as Ukrainians and Kalmouks who had been taken prisoner by the Nazis, deprived of food and then at the price of their life given the option of donning a German uniform) rounded up thousands of civilians at night, herding them into the square in their night dress. After a general search, the women were disrobed and raped. Men who tried to come to their rescue were bayoneted or beaten. This public mass rape went on nightly for weeks. Mme. Orska herself spoke with 100 little girls who had been raped at Narutowicz Square, many of them at least 10 times. Age was no safeguard, girls from 10 years and women up to 50 fell prey to German barbarism.

Humor and optimism are Polish characteristics, as everyone knows. It is a curious thing that even in the grim days of the Uprising, whenever there was a lull in the shelling, these traits would assert themselves. There was much joking in the damp cellars about bullets that relieve one of the troubles of this earth, and as soon as the coast was free, the Poles dressed up in their Sunday best, took their children for a walk or made a beeline for the nearest café.

This desire for normal living was reflected in Mme. Orska's daughter, from whom the Home Army officer became separated in the course of the fighting. When they were later reunited, Barbara related that at a time when the building in which she was staying was hit three times, once burying her underneath the debris, when Warsaw was crumbling all around, she remembered her mother's reminders about the importance of personal cleanliness and daily aired her clothes and dusted her room!

Irena Orska won a second Cross of Valor during the Uprising. She dismisses this with the remark that in the holocaust of those 63 days medals and awards lost all significance. It is difficult not to agree with her. For how can a medal adequately express a nation's gratitude when the sacrifice is so great? And in the face of subsequent events, when the death of a city was merely the prelude to a national loss of independence to those who had betrayed the Poles at Warsaw, the memories conjured up by such a high decoration must be bitter indeed.

HIGHLIGHTS OF RED ARMY "OPERATIONS" IN WESTERN POLAND

(Continued from page 11)

Lukashevitch, a captain in the NKVD and an implacable foe of everything Polish.

One of the information headquarters of the NKVD is the Hotel Polonia in Warsaw where out of a total 148

rooms the NKVD occupied 14 rooms for official purposes.

Another characteristic detail is that in Poland today the so-called management of municipal hotels is subordinated to the Ministry of Security.

—P. W.

THE POLISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE

(Continued from page 9)

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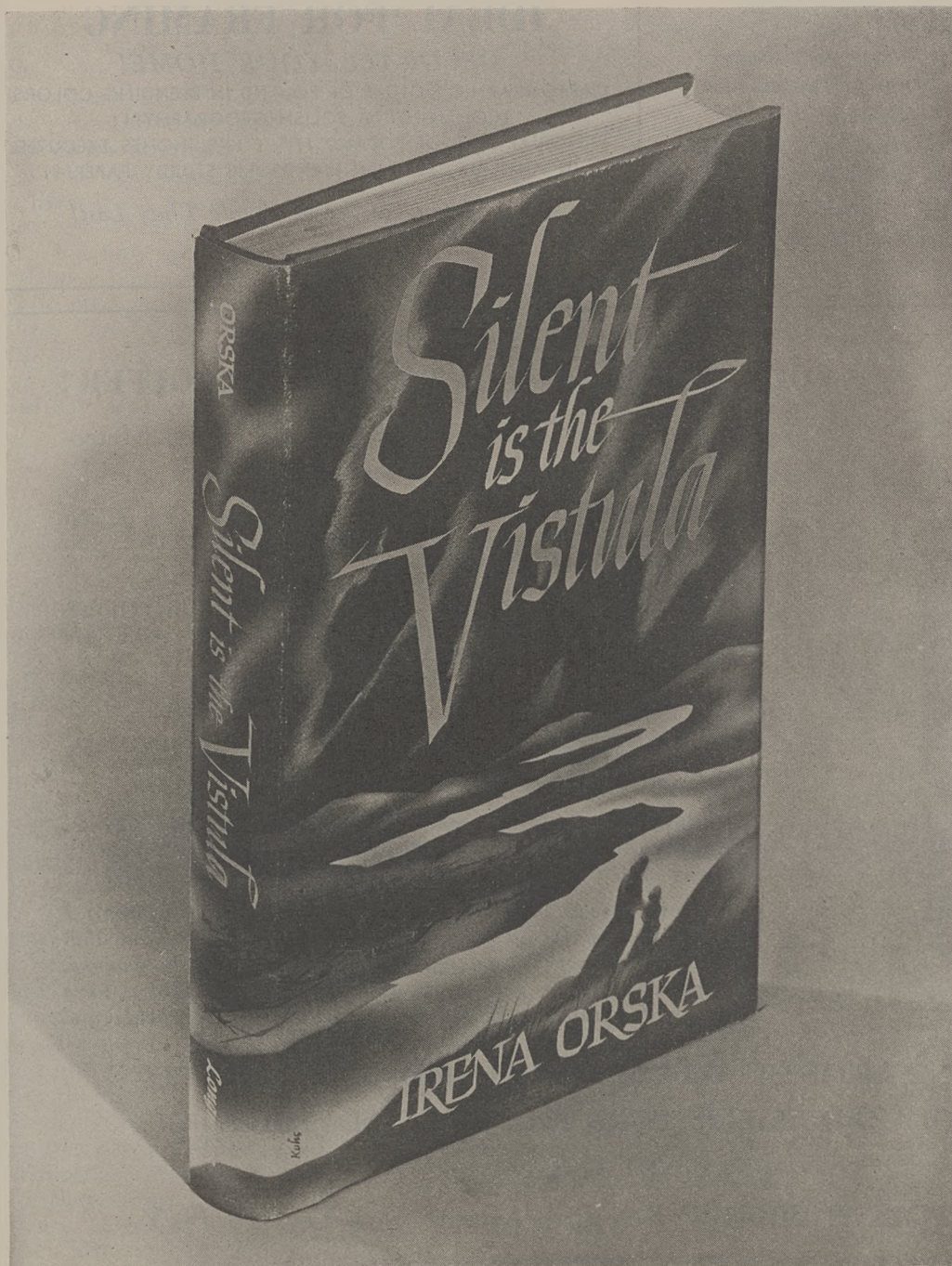
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